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1Stories by Barry Wyatt

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Introduction

This memoir and stories are the way I remember my own life. It is not an autobiography of the history of my life that requires researching, dates, names and then double-checking it all. And because I'm retarded you will find a lot of spelling and grammar errors. I was told not to use the word retarded because it is an offensive term. But that's one of the names my family and the Holy Rollers from my Church in Cambridge Maryland called me. So I think I have earned the right to use it.

1. Chapter 1: Stories

There was a crabbing girl that needed gas for her old crabbing boat, fuel oil to heat her old wood house and she needed a good meal.

There was no crabbing man that walked with her. Because she was a Holy Roller that was told by her Preacher Man that it was a sin to be touch by a man.

But this isn't a time for a sermon with winter coming on, and she needed help. It had been a bad crabbing year, and she was force to live on half o' nothing. So believing in pray called her preacher man for help.

After Sunday night preaching was over. The Preacher Man stealing food and heating oil and money from his church, carried then over to the adorable crabbing girls' house.

The next day she goes to the 5&10 and buys a cute yellow sun dress and a cute new sun hat.

The last time I saw her she was eating crab cakes with her husband at the suicide bridge restaurant, they had sailed up the river from their small farm just outside of Cambridge.



City People will buy things that will kill them before they will buy things that's gives them life or things they need. They believe only poor county people buy things they need. So ... this crabbing man always sells city people what they want. Like Big fried crab cakes with 10% crab meat.

I learned this, after I took a city man and his wife to oxford Maryland for a real baked crab cake dinner make with 99% crab meat, after five years, he's still yelling about the over price crab cakes with no taste. He believes you cannot cook crab cakes without a deep fryer and a lot of breading.



A bad day crabbing in an old wood crabbing skiff is a hell a lot better than the best day at church with a lot of bible shouting people running around yelling at you while trying to get your money by telling you, you're a no good asshole, and if you give them your money you are a asshole.



I have no real purpose in writing my stories, I did not think they are going the change the world are become the next best thing that everyone must have. Most people write about how they struggle with evil while trying to find a little happiness. My stories are about the same thing .How I and the Maryland waterman, the Amish and the Bible Shouting Holy Rollers that I have known struggled to find a little happiness before they die.



An old crabbing man with white hair and deep brown skin from long hours of crabbing in the hot summer sun asked his three daughters to pick what each wanted of his belongings. The eldest chose her father's white 46 ft. wood crabbing boat. The second chose her father's white home with a boat building shop. The youngest, a charming girl with long brown hair and big blue eyes just asked her father to buy her a large library. Because It was stories she wanted above all else. Her sisters ridiculed at her, but she was very happy setting by the crabbing river reading her books on cool summer day while eating cherries from her tree.

Some years later one daughter's husband lost her father's crabbing boat in a summer storm while he was crabbing out of church creek. The other daughter lost her father's house. Because she got a bank loan so her new husband would buy a new crabbing boat. But after her husband pick up the 50 ft. boat with nice new cabin, he also pick up the Preachers wife and sail off to Key West fl.

Because of her large library, the youngest daughter was better equipped to face the future. She married well and lives in a charming white house on a

creek just down the river from the suicide bridge restaurant and If you sail up the river in the morning you will see her crabbing from her small white skiff.



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I waited in the cold rain that chilled me to my bones. But I didn't leave; the sun came out, warming the soil and driving the cold from my bones. But I waited. I prayed, I cried.

Then my crabbing girls' childhood friend came up and put her hand into mine. And said "I love you and I loved her can we go home now? I will come back with you to see and talk to her anytime you want.



I was due to sail out of the island south of Cambridge Maryland on my old wood skiff at half-past eleven so I would catch an outgoing tide. It was a beautiful very hot summer night with a lot stars in the sky. When I got to the Old Wharf and started to walk down to the end that jutted out into the harbor, I would feel a faint cool wind blowing off the water. It was dark on the Old Wharf. But I would see a woman at the end. She was a crabbing girl from the island. Who always wore blue sun dresses that match her big blue eyes? Her father was a waterman and her mother picked crabs.

She said it was too hot to sleep. so I ask her to go with me, Saying it was cool on the water at night.

She said ok if she would run back to her house and pick up some soft crab sandwiches and cold cherry wine.

After that night, we would sail together on hot summer night while the island slept.



The thing in the water between Suicide Bridge and Cambridge Maryland Lives in the crack between the living and the death and it rarely ventured out into the world of mortals. No one but God himself knew what it really is.

There have been stories. This is one.

There where people that live on the river by the town now known as Cambridge Maryland. A war from across the river came to them. Every household had its dead. The cries and suffering of the livings carried on the hot summer winds far up the river. From one small tent came screams more dreadful than all the rest. The man screaming in the tent had a big family and now all of them were killed by the people from the other side of the river.

The thing in the water between Suicide Bridge and Cambridge when to the man and said I will make the people on the other side of the river take care of you for life, they killed your people because they believe they are better then you.

I will do this for you if you go to the old house on the other side of the river and stay there along with nothing in the old house but a bed, also you must never speak again. The man got up and took his old log sail boat and set out at once to the old house on the other side of the river.

At the nearest community the people started talking about the holy man living beside their river and they all said if we Care for the holy man we will be healed and have good fishing and good gardens and if we don't the Great Spirit well be angry.

So the people care for the man by feeding him fish and crabs and some give him their wives to clean and to sleep with him. They said He has to be a holy man because he never says speak and only has a bed in his house.



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Everyone in the small crabbing town of Cambridge Maryland knew my crabbing girl before she kiss me that night under my cherry tree.

Mercifully, her father was dead before that hot summer night when wearing only a 5 & 10 store sun dress she run into her two uncles on Suicide Bridge.

After that night her two uncles lived out their days in a mental ward .It was the talk of the whole town for years.

What happened that night is now public property because the church would not stop the gossip and the fears about that night.

All of the people in the small know that her uncles were the black sheep of the family.

Things would have been much worse if not for the thing that lives in the waters from the suicide bridge to Cambridge Maryland.

It was luckily for my girl but unluckily for her uncles that hot moonless night.

Some of the holy rolls that live in fear of what is in the waters between suicide bridge and Cambridge believe that my girl know her uncles would be on the bridge that night and wanted to stop them from doing with others what they tried to do with her.



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A cute crabbing girl stood alone on the beach, somewhat apart from her friends. She was fairly young, not more than nineteen. She was cooking a pot of blue crabs on a small open fire, when a Bible Shouting woman says "pardon me." She had noticed the woman more than once in Sunday school. She noticed that this woman was every nervous. There were drops of sweat on her brow and she was talking fast.

Then the woman said sharply: "are you are a godly Holy Roller Bible Believer?" "Yes. Said the crabbing girl

"Will then I've got to trust you because I'm carrying papers—extremely important papers. They will make a change in the way we see the bible. My very old papers have got to be saved! Will you take them?" The crabbing girl held out her hand. "Wait—I must inform you. There may be a risk if you take my pagers because I've being followed by evil. Do you think you have the nerve to keep my pagers safe?"

The crabbing girl smiled. "I'll keep them save alright. And I'm really proud that you picked me! The Bible Shouting woman then put in her hand a big black envelope.

After the Holy Roller woman walk away the cute crabbing girl put the big black envelope on her fire.



City People will buy things that will kill them before they will buy things that's gives them life or things they need. They believe only poor county people buy things they need. so ... this crabbing man always sells city people what they want! Like Big fried crab cakes with 10% crab meat.

I learned this, after I took a city man and his wife to oxford Maryland for a real baked crab cake dinner make with 99% crab meat, after five years, he's still yelling about the over price crab cakes with no taste. He believes you cannot cook crab cakes without a deep fryer and a lot of breadding.



Last night I dreamed
I was in heaven with
My crabbing girl
But when I woke I was sad
for I realized
that for now it was
Only a dream
But when my days are
few in numbers
I well bow my head in prayer
And be happy
knowing this time it will not be a dream



Setting under my cherry tree eating crab cakes
On hot summer days brings back memories
of days long gone



If I was god, every day would be a cloudless crabbing day.
And every crabbing man would be free to crab every day.



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With my crabbing girl I do not see the clouds in the sky. But now without
my crabbing girl all I see are clouds.



Nothing tastes or feels as good as being able to enjoy a cute crabbing girl
under the cherry tree on Cambridge creek.



I'm going home to my crabbing river
with morning fog and blue and windy skies



It's a good life with my crabbing girl; she makes my life better because I do
not have to face the unknown along.



My music has stop, my dream is over.
I'll be crabbing by myself.
I'll be facing the unknown along
There are only loveless black clouds
In my once lovely blue sky



Now my crabbing is gone
I sail the river of sorrow
I crab now with wet eyes
I no longer feel that I have a soul
I no longer have music in my life



The full summer moon hangs high over the suicide bridge. As I look down
into the black cool water thinking about what would have been.



I was walking in the cool summer rain By Cambridge creek getting soaking wet as Waterman and church people come to their windows and stare at me while I was feeling so alone and blue.



I was walking to church in Cambridge Maryland on a dark cloudy Sunday. Feeling very gloomy inside when all at once I saw in the sunless sky a little angel crying. He told me sometimes church people make all the little angels cry.



I am exhausted from calculating and laboring in the city. I long for my dear old crabbing river, where I crabbed my youth away; for a crabber lives happy till the end of his days, whereas the city man is unhappy till the end of his days. But does know it till gets too late.



I saw her pass
She is like and unlike,
She is Chubby and ugly,
She is sometimes Surprise,
She sometimes Dreams,
She is a Temper with a tongue,
She is Ever-present in Cambridge
People come to see her,
People run from her
She walks around week days looking puzzled
But she will wear a different face on Sunday
She knows how to live
She will tell you how to live

She talks with god everyday
You will see her with food in her mouth
While walking
While praying
While talking
While her husband's making love
Sometimes with her
She boss of the church
Because she is the preacher's wife



MY house was not a home tell that night she kiss.

I was always ashamed of my house with my underwear always hanging on the door and my raincoat always in the old blue overstuffed chair by the fireplace in summer and winter and my crabbing boat always needed cleaning with my old sweater's laying on the floor.

One kiss under a cherry tree on a hot summer night turns my house into a home.



It used to be sunning and warm on the last day of summer when my crabbing girl was setting under our cherry tree picking crabs. But now without her the last day of summer has ever felled so dark and cold.



You were a crab picking girl,
And I was a crab catching man
each living our own lives
Tell you kiss me that night
Under the cherry tree



You sailed away into the dark cold night
and now I am being blow about by the wind
Because you were my rudder



The city man believes that one day he will be in control of his own life. A
crabbing man that lives off the river knows better.



I was raised up next to the crabbing river
on Sweet homemade cherry wine and crab cakes



I'm a crabbing man
That likes Crab cakes and cold cherry wine,
blue jeans with a white t-shirt and
white crabbing boats



"Barry I am you're can we go home now"

How sweet the sound, of my crabbing girls words
that night under the cherry tree
That saved a lonely crabbing man like me....



My crabbing girl is my Shepherd
she feeds my soul when I'm hungry
and heals my pain



A Preacher man on the crabbing river says that I have a gold crown in the Kingdom of god and that one day I'm going to lay down my old crab net and be with my crabbing girl in god's kingdom. He says it was easy to be with my crabbing girl again, just stop thinking for myself and do as he says for he is a messenger of god.

This crabbing man believes that a Preacher that wants to think for you is a Bully with a goal to enslave you. This Preacher man on the crabbing river would not save his own wife the night she pick up a gun and kill them self. If a Preacher cannot grown a good family how can he grown a good church?



Who's that bible shouting girl with the long dress on.
I barely recognize her, she isn't looking innocent anymore. She should have slammed the door that dark evil night when the Preacher man came to save her from her sinful ways.



You know city people are all the same
They just don't understand crabbing man and their way of life.
There's no need to argue with them
They think they here better because they eat Big Macs with fries
While we eat crab cakes with cherry wine



My crabbing girl likes a dozen red cherries with her crab cakes
in the moon light under our cherry and that's fine with me.
Because On warm nights she gives me a wink takes off her yellow sun
dress goes for a swim before going to bed.



Chapter 2: Experiencing Stories

Sharing Experiences thou stories creates links between Storytellers and listeners that storytellers can use to kill beliefs, desires, and listeners alternatively, storytellers can use the same links to create beliefs, and desires that will give long healthy lives to their listeners.

In Sunday school, a person told me about his Experiences and as the years passed, we share more of our Experiences. After a while, I started looking on this person in a friendly way and the more we share, the more I trusted this person.

Sunday school teachers by sharing stories about their own or other people's experiences can control their listeners feeling and believes, if the listeners' feelings link with the stories.



Anyone can use Stories to share their Experiences. Moreover, if they are fruitful in joining with their listener's .The listeners will join with the storytellers and will nod their heads in agreement and they will embrace the Storytellers feeling, believes, and experiences as their own.



When the listeners join with the storyteller, the listeners will believe the storyteller and give the storytellers control over their lives.



You need to be alert to who is sharing their Experiences thou stories with you and your loved ones, if you want to stop yourself or those you love from becoming a slave or worst killed by a storyteller.



I know of families that have lost loved one this way. I can think of one man that lost his son after a storyteller told his son a story.



When a listener is acquainted with what the storytellers here saying it becomes possible for the listeners believes and feelings to harmonize with the storytellers and then the listeners will harmonize with each other in sharing the same believes and goals as the storytellers. The listeners will see the storytellers and the each other as friends and family.



By simply telling a story, the storyteller can link with their listens and then plant ideas, thoughts and emotions into their listener's without the listeners knowing about it. They can bypass their listens thinking and link to their feelings.



The way to stop from linking with a storyteller is not to develop any feels about the story or the storyteller.



The listeners must understand the story and the more they understand the story, the more they will link with the storyteller. When you listen to stories and understand them, you will experience the exact same feeling and believes as the person telling the story.



When a storyteller and listener cannot understand each other linking is impossible.



When a storyteller tries to communicate something that has happened to them, but the listener cannot understand what they are trying to say because the listener has no Experiences that match in any way with what the storyteller are trying to share, it becomes impossible for listeners to link with the storyteller. Storytellers must base their stories on the listeners Experiences so the story makes sense to the listener. Otherwise, the listeners are just hearing noises, and the listeners will not match the storytellers' feelings making a link impossible.



When you tell a story that in some way matches your listeners' experiences it becomes easier to transfer your experiences directly to the listener without them thinking about it. Moreover, the listener will feel what the storyteller tells them to feel and they will believe what the storyteller tells them to believe. When a story is connecting successfully, a whole group of people will synchronize their feeling and believes at the same time with each other and with the storyteller.



As storytellers' links desires and believes through a story, they will become the desires and believes of the listeners. In addition, when anxiety develops in the story, the listeners will feel the same anxiety and when happiness develops in the story, the listeners will feel the same happiness.



As long as a storyteller has their listener's attention, they are in control of their listener's.



When a listener hears a story, where they have experience some part of the story in their own lives they will develop sympathy with the storyteller.



If the listener has have no experience with what the story is about it becomes hard for the storyteller to create a link with his listener, so to overcome this. The storyteller can use music with or without words to create links.



Telling stories with music with or without words is a fast way to create links with your listeners.



Storytelling with music is the very best way to create links with a listener.



Stories must be about feelings if they are to link with the listeners.



Stories have made us who we are long before we would read and write or create pictures.



Listeners hearing a story based on their experiences will link to the story so strongly that they will feel the experiences in the story actually happened or will happen to them.



Sharing experiences is a joint activity between Storytellers and listeners



A Storytellers' goal when sharing their stories is to link with their listener's experiences. This link vanishes when the Storyteller and listener fail to share some of the same experiences.



The storytellers' story must share some of the same experiences as the listeners.



A good storyteller will mirror their listeners' experiences so the listener will understand the story. Because the greater the understanding the better the link between storyteller and listener.



A recording, movie or text of a story can generate a link between storyteller and listener.



Using a recording, movie or text can link listeners to a storyteller long after the storyteller is dead.



A storyteller using music to tell a story can create links between themselves and listeners. However, it is very hard to use a text of a song to create a link between a storyteller and a listener.



STORIES CREATE OUR REALITY

By Linking Stories we can create new stories.

Some stories give us the freedom to link and others do not.

Not-linking stories are Stories that enslave us by taking away our freedom to change our reality.

Talking about how stories control our lives is quite a new subject, and yet stories are as ancient as our world. It is new in the sense that until now stories have been falsely understood.

Stories date from the arrival of humans on the earth. We start hearing and enjoy stories from our birth, and they influence us for life.

Stories have unbelievable power; they can produce the very best of health and happiness for their listeners or the very worst evils known to this world.

Knowledge of the force of stories is useful to all of us, peculiarly to people that want the freedom to change and to be free from other People's stories that are created to enslave are to kill them.

Stories that are created to enslave their listeners are told so the story teller can take control of other people's lives and money.



Stories can enslave or set people free.

One story almost enslaved the entire world and murdered 75 million people and destroyed the dreams of 95% of all the humans that were alive at the time. And today 65 years later 25% of the humans living are still having their dreams and hopes destroyed by this one story.



By knowing how to tell stories and how they create our reality it is possible to avoid creating in others stories that enslave them with terrible consequences, and instead to create stories that bring freedom to the sick and good mental health to the stumbling.



In order to understand correctly the miracles of stories, and to speak correctly about how they make us who we are, it is necessary to know that there are two absolutely different types of stories one is linking stories that can be changed and non-linking stories those cannot be changed because they were created to enslave their listeners.

It is easy to prove the existence of non-linking stories. If one only takes time to examine them and to reflect for a moment upon how they have controlled your own life.

Stories that enslave all have one thing in common, they all tell you if you try to change the way you act wicked things will happen to you and your loved ones and sometimes the entire world. So to keep yourself and your loved ones happy and healthy you must act the way the story tells you to act and most important each actor must get other people to join them in the story and if they don't get other people to believe the story the same way they do great suffering will come on them and their whole world.

The stories that free us from slavery allows each actor to change by linking with other stories thereby given each actor a better chance to survival and a better chance grow happy healthy societies.



What evils we create for ourselves and others by the stories we tell and are told by our loved ones and by people that have a passion to controller us for their personal benefit.

We need to begin listening to and creating stories that brings about the fading of unjust stories they create suffering and slavery.



We will agree with and believe in stories tell to us with or without music without thinking about what we are told and before we know it the story teller is controlling our *actions*.



Contrary to the accepted opinion of today our stories will *always* force us to act against *our own will* and good judgment.



When there is anger and disagreement between our stories and our own will to change what we are doing the stories always win. Our stories take

away our freedom to determine and control our own actions. People do not accept this as true. They believe that they do not live inside of stories author by other people.

But nothing could be more untrue. Your action will always *yield's* to the story and you the actor will always follow your story. It is an absolute law that allows for no *exceptions*. This reality is not Blasphemy it is the simply the truth. To change your action the story must allow change.



In order to prove to yourself the truth of stories, open your eyes and look round you and try to understand what you see.

What you see is a story. You will come to the conclusion that you are seeing stories and that this is not a fruitless idea of a sick mind but a simple expression of a *fact*.



Notice that you are incapable to live and set goals; if you have no story: it is *totally* impossible for you to set goals if you do not have a story to tell you what goals you can and should set.



It is always the story which gains control over you and controls your life and there are no exceptions to this rule.



Most human are sheep living inside of other people's stories not knowing they are just actors playing a part.



In spite of ourselves we do things we do not want to do, and when asked why: we answer I do not know, I just could not help myself. Something urged me, something evil made me do it. What is happening is the story is telling you how to act and you are just an actor playing your part.



Now that you are knowledgeable about the enormous influence of stories you can search for stories that can set you free to live the life you want, free from the control of others.



Now you can author your own story.



I know that one normally is seen as mad in the eyes of people. If one dares to put forward ideas which they are not accustomed to hearing. So at the risk of being thought of as mad, I say that if you are mentally and physically sick a lot of the time it's because of the stories you were told growing up and if you are unhappy it is because of the story you are living in and if you want to change just play a different part in the story or go and actor in a totally different story.



If you are haunted by wicked and nasty ideas, anxieties and terrors, all of them will dissolve by themselves in a new story authored by yourself just as a dream vanishes when you wake up in the morning.



The conclusion can be very humbling and can be voiced in a few words:
We have within us a force of infinite power to change our lives and this
infinite power is a good story.

When two people see each other as desirable
as Chocolate to be enjoyed life is sweet .

Tiffany Seaman Barry Wyatt Jr.

